olume V Chicago, Ill., September, 1928 Number 6

The Liberal

Evolution

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then the full corn in the ear."
—The Bible.

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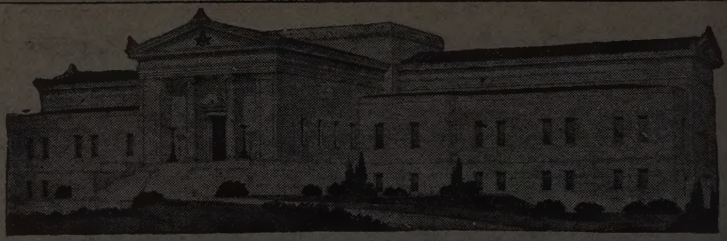

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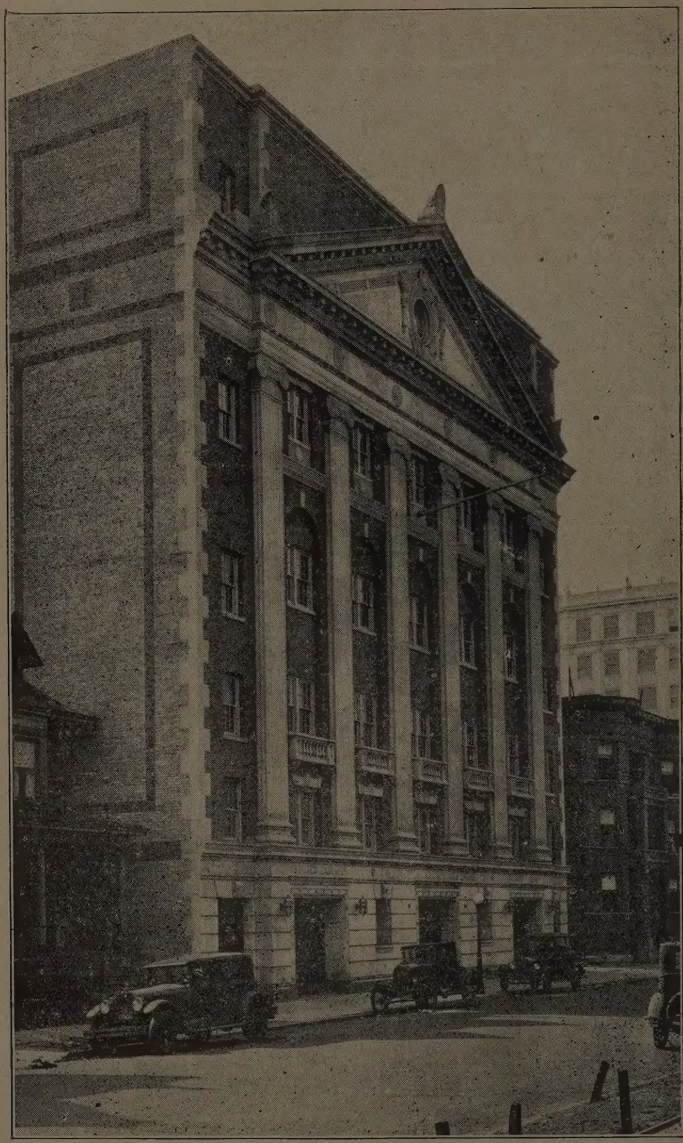

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

THE LIBERAL

Preston Bradley ..... Editor

Grace Thayer Bradley ..... Associate Editor

Application made for Entry as Second Class Mail at the Post Office of Chicago, Ill.

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THE PEOPLES CHURCH OPENS SEPTEMBER 16

I wonder what those words mean to you? I know what they mean to me. I wish I had the faculty of describing to you the feelings and thoughts which go surging thru my mind and heart as I write them.

My church is my life. So tightly are the roots of my affection twined and intertwined about it that I fear if I ever were to break away I would bleed to death. I am in my seventeenth year of serving The Peoples Church. In all of these years I have never begun another year with more enthusiasm and encouragement than I begin this one. There are many problems to be faced, many difficulties to be overcome and much work to be done. I face it all gladly. Gladly because of the wonderful spirit which prevails thruout the church. For a church as large as is ours I am sure that we have reduced the petty bickerings and trivial irritations to a minimum. We are about a tremendous task. And we are spending our energies in the performance of that task. All else is of no importance. We are all united in the ideals of the church. Liberalism in religion is growing rapidly. We have a distinct place in the life of liberal religion. We are fortunate in being able to reach thousands of people every week. The responsibility in maintaining such an organization is one which every member and friend ought to feel very deeply.

With the opening of church every organization in the church will resume activities. The record we made last year will be a difficult one to surpass but I would like to see it done. Our church is organized in such a way that any individual will find a place for the expression of their interests. Our activities include everything in the line of educational and spiritual development. The fine arts are emphasized and the spirit of inquiry fostered. A glance at the programs outlined by the organizations for the year will prove the range of our interests. The Woman's Club is going in for some literary work and philosophical studies. The Uptown Players are going to give one play a month. The Church School of Religious Education has a curriculum as complete as can be assembled. The Young Peoples Club are going to introduce some very interesting features in young people's work. The program for the Uptown Forum is in a tentative form but will be intellectually stimulating as always. The Laymen's League, which is composed of the men of the church and congregation will meet once a month and are plan-

ning some very interesting meetings. If you who are reading these words have never allied yourself with any of these groups why not identify yourself more closely with the work of the winter by joining one or more of the above mentioned organizations.

I am going to emphasize two matters which are close to my heart in this article. The first is the question of church attendance. The congregations of the church have always been most inspiring to me. Our audiences are always large. I have no ground for complaint. There are many Sundays during the year when our large auditorium will not hold the people who desire to attend. A survey of our audience would reveal that on almost any Sunday people from all over the United States were present. There is never a Sunday when some minister or ministers come up and greet me after the service. Members of our radio audience attend by the hundreds during the year. I appreciate all this very much but the church attendance which counts most of all is the regular Sunday to Sunday attendance of the members of the church. I wish every member of the church would when at all possible attend the services regularly. A good way to do would be to begin with the opening Sunday and not break the record for the year. Church going is very largely a habit anyway and the efforts entailed are more than rewarded in the reactions which tarry all thru the week. My wish for this year is that every member of the church attend every Sunday service when it is at all possible. There is no stimulus to me like seeing the same faces Sunday after Sunday. They are always an inspiration. We have hundreds of regular attendants and this year I wish we might have more. The Peoples Church, large though it is, is very much of a family church.

No organization in the church has a deeper hold on my affections than the School of Religious Education. I would like to see it grow and grow. It is somewhat incongruous and inconsistent for members and attendants of the church to have their children in orthodox Sunday Schools. I know of several such cases. All sorts of reasons are advanced but I never heard one that was valid. I wish that everyone with children of Church School age would get in touch with our Superintendent and become familiar with the curriculum of our school. The church school opens on the same Sunday as church at 9:45 a. m. in Channing Hall. The school is graded on the latest and most approved methods of instruction. We are trying to build a school that will merit the support of every parent and child.

Well, this is about all for this time. I am writing this on a rainy Sunday afternoon in my little study on Black Duck Island in northern Minnesota. It is fall up here. The leaves have already been touched by the magic wand of autumn. Already we are making plans for leaving. We are homeward bound! Back to our church, our friends and our work. I hope to greet you all on Sunday morning, September 16 at 10:45. Mr. Walter Flandorf will be at the organ, the Chorus Choir under the direction of Mr. Emerson Abernethy will sing and for the seventeenth time I will preach my opening sermon. The service will be broadcast by Station WMAQ-WQJ. May it be the finest opening service I have ever known. I have been working on some interesting and vital subjects. There are more worth while things to talk about these days than the world has ever known. I always try to keep up with the best of modern thought and to make every service of decided value. It will be a happy moment when from my robing room I hear the first notes of our processional and realize that once again I am privileged to begin a winter's work with the people of my beloved church.

—P. B.

ON FOREST TRAILS

By Grace Thayer Bradley

The sun arose like a monarch decked in all the grandeur of royal robes to greet the new day, the eastern sky was ablaze with golden light, splashes of rose fading to saffron, and deep violet thinning to turquoise. If it were not for making an early start on automobile trips many of us would never see the magnificent pageant of color and at the same time ethereal loveliness that nature paints with lavish brush in the canvas of the sky at sunrise. One look out of the window at the beauty of the morning was stimulating. We were all enthusiasm for the trip.

The early breakfast was eaten in glee, the short ride on the lake to Moccasin Point was invigorating blowing away any lingering sleep from our eyes. There were four in our party and to my way of thinking that is just the proper number for a good time. We were soon in our car and—away to the Magic Forest! The magic forest in this instance being the Superior National Forest.

Hundreds of miles of rugged country over mountains and cascades, around crystal lakes and across streams, into the virgin forest. To find oneself at nine o'clock of a brilliant crisp morning riding comfortably along a winding road thru the heart of a forest is joy unspeakable. Oh! the grandeur of it,—the smell of the woods—the scent of the pines, the call of a bird—the deep blue sky overhead, and the narrow road rising ahead of us higher and higher, at times so narrow as to make one fear anxiously ahead to signal any on coming car to wait.

There is a freshness and excitement and thrill in the very air of the forest, and in its dark green depths bordering the road on either side, where the sun filters thru, making bright spashes of light on the bark strewn ground, and touching up in high relief the snowy white trunks of the birches against the sombre pines.

At Schroeder we stopped for luncheon at a lodge beside a magnificent water fall, rushing splashing dashing over the rocks, tossing sparkling white foam and spray high in to the air. This was Cross River Falls and one of the loveliest pictures imaginable. We were now out of the actual forest and driving along the north shore of Lake Superior. Soon turning away from the lake we reached the international boundary at Pigeon River, where a long bridge crosses this picturesque river, with the U. S. Customs and immigration Office at one end and the Canadian at the other, and all passing here must stop to be examined and registered. The way automobiles are searched and the number of questions asked gives proof they must quite occasionally find "something!" As the afternoon wore on our way became more rugged, again there were miles and miles without sign of human habitation. At a bend in the road we came upon two lovely deer grazing by the roadside. They made a graceful leap into the forest as they were frightened by our approach. The mountains became higher and oddly fantastic in shape like gigantic creatures held there by magic spell, many seemed to be hewn out of solid stone—some colorful, some dark grey, outlined against the sky.

About six in the evening we drove into Port Arthur Ontario—a busy shipping port on Thunder Bay. Unable to procure accommodations at the quite pretenti-

ous and really excellent hotel already filled with tourists we drove back to Fort Williams a few miles, the two cities touching hands, and happily found a splendid hotel where we spent the night. It is hard to describe or to imagine that element which makes the cities of another nation so distinctly different from any of like size in our own country. It is in the people, in the buildings, in the customs, in the atmosphere — distinctly foreign and yet so near the border. We spent the evening in Port Arthur watching Bowling-on-the-Green, that English game of bowling on lawns that look like velvet, and we wonder why it is not played here, it seems so delightful and greatly to be desired for the office weary business man.

There were several hundred men and young chaps leaving by train for the northwest engaged by the government to do the harvesting on those great Canadian ranches. There was much shouting and singing and crowds at the station to see the harvesters off, we were reminded of war days when train loads of young soldiers left amid shouts and songs, but alas not on such a happy mission bent.

On the way back the next day we reached Grand Marias about noon; this is one of the most attractive spots along the highway, no traveller passes that does not sense the winsome charm of this little fishing town and port.

There is a road leading from Grand Marias north through the forest to Hungry Jack and Gunflint Lakes, the way having quite recently been opened up and lodges built to take care of travellers. The lure of the forest was upon us, the spirit of adventure beckoned. So without much deliberation we followed the road that wound around the side of a steep hill up and up, till we were high above Grand Marias. Looking back we caught the most fascinating bird's eye view of the little fishing town nestled on the shore of the great lake, and its lovely little crescent shaped harbor. Lake Superior so often lashed into the fury of a gale now basked in the sunshine, silverly blue and placid as a mill pond.

The beauty of that drive to Gunflint Lake defies my descriptive powers. Forty six miles thru the deep forest of massive pines and virgin birch; one does not often see even in the north woods miles of birch straight and tall, sunkissed,—turning their white loveliness into gold. Every giant pine tree calls me to consider how it grew, the secret of its strength and beauty here in the wilds, responding to the influence of sun and storm, heat and cold, of dew and air and wind.

Up and down hill we drove, often so steep we seemed to drop right down from the top! The road stretching ahead was most beguiling with always a square of blue sky at the end. The sun had been swallowed up in the forest, long shadows were falling straight and dark across our path, the air had become chill, when suddenly we turned and there in a clearing before us was Gunflint Lodge and several smaller log cabins on the edge of a gleaming lake opalescent in the sunset glow. Opposite on the Canadian side of the lake could be seen a dozen or more little homes of the Indian Reservation in among the hills.

The thrill of spending the night in the forest is an experience and a pleasure none of us are likely to forget. After dinner in the lodge we went to our two room cabin built of skinned and oiled cedar logs; the rooms were most attractively and appropriately furnished and a small stove heated them both. In the velvet darkness of the night peace and silence remain unbroken save for the soft contented musical lapping of water on the shores and the crooning murmuring song of the pine trees in the surrounding forest.

BOOK CHATS

Preachers have a somewhat technical word which they use in speaking of the building of a sermon. The word is "sermonizing." Perhaps the question more frequently asked me than any other when I meet preachers is "what is your method of sermonizing?" Preachers are always interested in the method of preparation used by their colleagues. I suppose the same interest in technique pertains in all of the other professions. My own interest however goes beyond the bounds of my own profession and touches several others. I am always desirous of knowing the working habits of literary folks. No two people have the same method of authorship. You can imagine my delight when I found the following choice bit of descriptive writing concerning the Mystery Workshop of Harry Stephen Keeler.

"When I first arranged, while in Chicago to visit the Mystery Workshop of Harry Stephen Keeler," writes a well-known English literary agent of the author of "Sing Sing Nights," "Voice of the Seven Sparrows," etc., "I presumed that I would find one more of the many typical studios of writing nooks such as are owned by our English writing men at home; a Chippendale desk by a sunny window, a few potted plants, perhaps a globe of goldfish, a typewriter. Much to my surprise, however, for I have not been accustomed to seeing efficiency particularly tied up to literature, I found a cross between a train despatcher's tower, an office and a statistician's chamber.

"I was even further led astray in my expectations by the three large Chinese letters painted in gold and red on the entrance door, which Mr. Keeler himself explained to me later were pronounced ji li jon jen ti shi, and meant, 'One Who Works by the Pen is Found Here'; or it may have been the soft tinkle of melodious bells as the top of the door, in opening up, tripped into operation one of those ancient musical devices which hung over the doors of Medieval Italy. But once inside—alas for the illusions of one who considered himself, at least in Great Britain, a literary man!

"One entire wall of a very ascetic looking room, carpeted in slate grey, was entirely covered with three gigantic maps of what Mr. Keeler calls the world's mystery-story cities: Chicago, London and Paris, each fitted out with a huge battery of pins with brilliantly colored disks as heads, and capable of being inserted at any point in the maps to mark the progress of the story or the exact locale of important incidents. Convenient electric searchlights, hung from the ceiling, and actuated by a single pushbutton, focused upon these, so that on a black, rainy day the tiniest court or mew in London could be found in a second.

"A huge blackboard covered the adjoining wall, which with colored chalks and vertical and horizontically ruled lines showed evidently, as Mr. Keeler explained it, the chronological position of every character at any moment in a mystery novel he was then writing, which accorded with his exact methods which I have seen explained in some publication or journal somewhere.

"At a window looking out on a grassy court, an ordinary flat-top kitchen table stood, with wire office baskets nailed all around it, ends and backs. At the rear of the table stood an open screen of the folding type, over whose grey burlap surface were pinned scraps of papers, notes, clippings, drawings, rotogravure reproductions, all evidently fragments that would eventually be part of

the warp and woof of something on which he was then engaged. When we had seated ourselves, I asked him curiously about the plethora of wire baskets attached to the table edges. Mr. Keeler smiled. 'You've heard about the man,' he said, 'who bored a large hole at the bottom of his kitchen door for his cat to get out, and six smaller holes for each of her six kittens to do likewise? His friends asked him why the large hole wouldn't do for all, and he said: 'When I say scat I mean scat!' With me, when ideas are coming fast and I want to clear my table of scissors, rulers, pastepots, pins, blank paper, thesaurus, fountain pens, correspondence, stamps, book review clippings, etc., I want to give one or two sweeps—or swoops—and—' he demonstrated. The kitchen table was clear with two wide sweeps of the hand, and the baskets caught everything.

"What was perhaps of significant interest to mystery story novelists, was the third wall of this Mystery workshop. From ceiling to floor, from end to end, it was covered completely with one gigantic filing cabinet, consisting of small horizontal drawers, all neatly tabulated as to contents. There must have been two —perhaps three hundred of these. A certain number bore also brilliantly scarlet labels of Chinese firecracker red printed in boldfaced type: 'Save This Drawer in Case of Fire.' As Mr. Keeler explained: 'We once had, in this building, a disastrous fire which looked as though it was going to consume the whole building, because the nearest water plugs were frozen and water could not at first be obtained. I will never forget how I looked at those four hundred absolutely similar drawers, and racked my brains to recollect which had contents that surely ought to be saved. With flames pouring out the next windows, shouts of firemen below, and hordes of occupants fleeing down the hallways to the street, it became a problem in superhigh mathematics. I had to give it up. But I determined never to get caught that way again. Hence the scarlet labels here and there.'

"I glanced over the tabs showing the material classified in each drawer, material such as is found woven in Mr. Keeler's mystery novels which deals with everything from Chinese curios to such branches of science and sociology as pschiatry. In one was 'News Accounts of Secret Diplomacy'; in another 'Lost Treasures of the World'; In still others, in turn, 'Swindles', 'Descriptions of Males,' 'Descriptions of Females', 'Descriptions of Technical Processes', 'Jewels,' 'Curios', 'Relics', 'Interiors', 'Streets', 'Foreign Cities', 'Odd Names for People,' 'Dialects', 'Jargon.'

"Seven drawers in succession, all bulging, were labeled 'Maps, Guides and Timetables.' Another bore the significant caption, 'Plot Germs,' and another large one 'Photographs of Odd Human Types.'

"I must have showed my surprise at the interjection of such statistical care in so-called literature, for Mr. Keeler smiled a bit wearily. 'It looks very nice all classified ,' he commented, 'But it takes a tremendous lot of work keeping it thus. Never a daily newspaper or a magazine or a new textbook but that contains so many column-inches or illustrations or pages that have to be chopped out and filed away. The layman thinks that mystery novelists just write mystery novels; but I can tell you that a good part of a mystery writer's time is spent handling the material from which he makes his mysteries.'

"It was my time to go, as I was due in New York in twenty-four hours and expected to make the Majestic out for Southampton. As I made my adieus, a pair of long white ears popped up from a wire basket affixed to the bottom of the writing table, and a white rabbit stuck his head out, crunching away methodically with his jaws on a piece of carrot.

" 'I know you're terribly disappointed," said the writer, 'for you hoped to find literary atmosphere here. But there it—or he—is. That's H. L. Mencken. That's the atmosphere.'

"As Mr. Mencken was now hopping menacingly out, and being myself somewhat unacquainted with rabbits brought up in mystery workshops, I hastily took my departure." —P. B.

DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES OF THE PEOPLES CHURCH

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

HEALTH, WORK, AND RELIGION THE TRINITY

A Sermon by Preston Bradley. Stenographically Reported.

Robert Ingersoll said that if he had been making the world he would have made health contagious instead of disease. As we pause and reflect upon what appears to be on the surface a flippant remark we find upon more careful thought that he stated in the latter part of his sentence a truth. The fact of the matter is that health is contagious and is more contagious than disease. If it were not true the tendency to decay and disintegration and the susceptibility by which evil and disease spread it would not take the world very long to wear itself completely out. It is a very hopeful and a very attractive position for a man or woman to reach when by a long drawn out process of intellectual and physical obedience and spiritual understanding they can realize the contagious quality of health.

In these days competition is so keen in every department of life that no man and no woman can afford to dissipate or lose one ounce of their energy. The modern rush of civilization, sweeping, as it does, hourly across the plane of human expression, is so exacting in its demands as to the percentage of our functioning capacities that any external influence not conducive to the symmetry and beauty of life is disastrous. If we are to receive out of this experience of life the very highest emotional qualities — for fundamentally the background of life is emotional—then we must learn the art of conserving the necessary energy for this highest expression. There are those who are afraid of the word Emotionalism; there are those who do not like it; they assume that it is akin to the word sensationalism; they feel that the emotional factor of life is one to be stifled rather than encouraged. When the fact of the matter is that it is only the sanity of our emotional life that preserves the symmetry of every other part of life. All of the distortions, all of the twisting, all of the chaotic conditions in which many lives find themselves is due to a disturbance of their emotional faculties. A twisted or a distorted emotional faculty will work havoc and ruin in any life that is unfortunate enough to possess it, and it is only by a rarefication and sublimation of our emotional qualities that we are able to experience in the fullest and in the highest degree the charming sanities of life.

Do not be afraid of Emotionalism; do not be afraid of that inner consciousness which determines the extremes of feelings based upon the experiences of life, for, after all, the thing which is behind the rush of civilization, the thing which is behind the penetration of the mountains for their ore and the ocean beds, the thing which is behind the eternal struggle of mankind is of the emotional quality. Hunger, clothes, music, art, drama, literature, paintings, sculptures, buildings, railroads, mines, all of these are one vast web of man trying to answer to his feelings. For we are all the victims of it; we are all a part of it; and we are all in the process. There is no escape. And it is only when we keep our emotional life in undisturbed oscillation, properly adjusting itself to every change of circumstance and environment that we establish that equilibrium and by the establishment of that equilibrium we find ourselves in the world of the superlative. The primary importance to every man or woman who desires to receive the best and the highest of life is the physical condition of the tabernacle in which they live. Health is of such primary importance, — and we are beginning to understand

it in a scientific way, how deep seated the faculty of health is in the whole process of creativeness —that we have projected our thought, not only to meet the immediate necessities of the present generation, but we have looked forward into centuries which are yet unborn, into years that are yet to come. It is only in comparatively recent times that men have established the relationship upon a scientific basis between mind and matter. Recognizing and conceding the existence of the body, not in the terms of the old theology as a mass of putrifaction and unloveliness, not in terms of the old science, which is dead, but in terms of the body, as a physical evidence to the required necessity for determining the habitation of the real man which is the spiritual man, which is the soul in man, which is everything that touches with an upward impulse, the real man. And this real man, limited by the physical, which we know is the body, at last has realized that that body must be in the finest state, and must be aglow with spiritual enthusiasm in every atom and electron of it, for the purpose of preserving the unity between the soul and the body.

Death is just as natural as life. And death is just as much a part of the evolutionary process toward a higher degree of expression as is life, and yet, those disturbances, which forbode death in the physical, are unnatural, unreal, and are not a part of spiritual progress.

So this matter of health, this matter of preserving the highest manifestation of harmony—for all disease is dis-ease, and the word "dis" comes from the Latin which means "not," and "not at ease" is the origin of all "disease." And wherever the mental or the physical clash with law, and violate law, there is disease. For all disturbance, all chaos, comes from lack of harmonic adjustment.

Show me the life that is harmonically adjusted to the laws of progress, and to the evolutionary principles of life, and I will show you a life which is not diseased. In that sense "disease" is an unreality, because it is based upon a non-conformity to an established order and an established order is the reality. Every interference with that established order results in a manifestation which is untrue, and because it is untrue it has no part in the realities of life. There is a great relationship between physical health and sin, as we speak of sin being a disturbance of the moral normalities of life. This relationship between physical health and a violation of the moral relationship of life is one which our modern-day scientists have very plainly and very effectively analyzed for us, for a body which is passing through the experience of readjustment, or which has been by a violation of law of the physical realm re-acting that violation in disturbed mental conditions, finds itself most susceptible to a releasement of all of the animalism that is a part of the human. And by a disturbing of this equation between the animal force and the spiritual energy, the emphasis is placed upon animalism and the direct result of placing this emphasis upon animalism is an abandonment of the spiritual, and the result of abandoning the spiritual is always an inevitable sin.

It is all a question of the direction of energy. For the same thing which makes a man bad, if rightly directed, will make him good. Evil is largely a matter of misdirected energies. Conserve and properly direct the energies of life, and you eliminate the element of sin. For sin and disease are twins; they go inseparably together in this great thing which we call "life."

The body is one of the oldest subjects of philosophy; there is really nothing new, particularly in it, except as we are coming nearer and nearer all the way, we are becoming nearer and nearer to what I think is to be a re-

velation of what the truth is. Now, let us come to this physical, this body. I think one of the things that would drive a man to the verge of madness is to speculate too long upon this body. I think of two thousand hearts beating here, beating hearts. And so little between us and the great experience of the dark. These bodies, brains, the strange little things that we call the "eye." Every lense in it scientifically adjusted to meet every law which science has discovered in the law of refraction of light. All of this thing, what is it? A mass of putrifaction? No. Full of original sin? I don't know what original sin is. I have never seen or discovered anything original about sin. Inheritance? Yes. Of millions of years. But, after all, what is it? Flesh! Strange things! Strange things, these bodies of ours. And yet, we don't know that we have them when we are in perfect health. And that makes the sanity of life. A continual emphasis upon its health is madness, and the first symptoms of neurasthenia are what? Specializing in diseases. I have met lots of specialists in diseases; I have met people so full of aches and pains that the material for a new pain, a pain of a new experience for suffering, was eliminated. The moment we begin to specialize upon the body, just that moment do we find ourselves upon the verge of neurasthenia. When a man begins to think about his heart it does not take him long to get palpitation. I can give myself palpitation of the heart within the next five minutes. I shall have it before I get through with this address, and it is on account of the increase of blood action to the brain, but a man deliberately can give himself palpitation of the heart; a man can give himself most any disease he wants. The psychology of patent medicine advertising for the past fifty years in America, has been one of the greatest disgraces of our modern civilization, and ought to have been stopped, for there has not been a patent medicine that I ever heard of that was worth the bottle in which it was held, appealing to the credulity of people by recitation of what it would cure.

I am glad that my experience with some of the finest physicians, whom I know, has convinced me that a great many of the real physicians and surgeons of modern life have come to the conclusion that after all there are some things more valuable than medicine, and the real modern physician will tell you first of all about the principles of hygiene and dietetics. For more and more we are developing in a truly scientific sense to see the utter hopelessness of curing a thing by treating an effect. You never can cure anything by treating an effect, either with the body, with the government, with the state, with the city, or with the world. Never! And one of our biggest difficulties has been, for too long a time we have seriously treated effects. Modern science is concerned only in the eradication of causes. And you can cure results of things, headaches, and so-forth, and so-forth and so on—but find out what causes them and treat the cause.

For an obedience to the laws of hygiene is the first law of health, and every physician that is honest—and I think most Christian Science practitioners will tell you the same thing, for, as I understand, both of them now are agreeing to the fact that surgery and hygiene are both necessary. In these matters of health you and I cannot afford, for the symmetry of health to violate the laws of hygience.

What do I mean by the laws of hygiene? Why is it that America, unlike any other country, has more breakdowns at forty, than any other country in the world? More of our people at forty—think of it!—find themselves hobbling over to a sanitarium of some form, all bent up, arteries frozen—"blood pressure,"

they will tell you, until they cannot sleep nor sit. Why is it? It is due to the fact that they have never learned how to play. The greatest thing in the world is to learn how to play. And right away somebody says, that is childish. Of course it is. And because it is childish you and I need it, for when we cease to become children we are tragically stricken.

Learn how to play. The greatest art in connection with the art of hygiene in preserving the health is the art of relaxation. And that is something that most of us in our modern hurry and scurry of civilization have never learned. We never learned how to relax. We cannot do it. Too busy! Too many dinners! Too many engagements! Too many appointments! Too much work to do! Too much this and too much that! We never learn how to relax—how to play.

Work is the salvation of man, and play is the thing that preserves him in the salvation. And relaxation is the principle that makes him experience the joy of his work. Work, play, love, worship, these four things, rightly divided, in a man's life, will make any of us live to be one hundred.

Disease is the unnatural thing, and most of us create our own diseases. I know of a lot of wrinkles, and a lot of rheumatic quirks, and a lot of liver trouble, that grew out of gossip; that grew out of "Did you hear?" Why this old body of ours is perfect, the human body is perfect. Nobody can make a machine do better work and do it more safely than the heart. Our bodies are perfect. Man is the image of God, and not a worm in the dust. These bodies of ours are perfect bodies. There is absolutely nothing the matter with them. There is absolutely nothing about them that is unclean. They are all a part and process of the soul's dwelling place. And how can they be kept so? First, an understanding of the spiritual things of life, by keeping the brain clean. You cannot have a perfect body functioning in the highest and a dirty mind. I will tell you that. You cannot have it. Our bodies are only perfect when they are forgotten. They must be unconscious bodies. We cannot think about them. The minute we begin to think about them then disease starts in, but by obedience to these first laws of health and spiritual unity we find them functioning properly. Age is the only thing that ever ought to kill anybody. Old age! And what is old age? Just the body tiring out, that is all, by natural processes; and in old age it all tires out together, eyes, teeth, hair, heart, kidneys, lungs, legs, muscles. Did you ever see one die of old age? How do they die? The natural way that we all ought to die—in sleep. That is the natural way to die. These are natural bodies, and Paul says, "There is a natural body and there is a spiritual body," and when this natural body blends into the spiritual it must blend naturally. And these awful things, and the awful ways, in which men die, in which we find ourselves in our modern rushing times and all of these things could be different if we would order our lives as it ought to be ordered. Eight hours sleep, eight hours work, eight hours play. That is enough. Eight hours is long enough for any man to work. Eight hours is long enough for any man to sleep, and the more of those hours that you can sleep before midnight the better.

Sleep, Sweet Restorer of the Soul! Sleep, unconsciousness for rest. Sleep, Twin Sister of Death! Sleep, our greatest need.

In these days we do not figure much on sleeping before twelve o'clock at night. Oh, the natural life is what? Up with the dawn —and I dare not say, to bed with the dark, for the old adage, you remember, is "Early to bed and early to rise," and you won't meet any prominent people.

When we come to this matter of sleep and what it means, let me in-

troduce for a little while that element of work. Work never killed anybody. I hear a lot of people say, "don't work so hard," "Don't work so hard." You cannot kill yourself by hard work. A great many times when rest is recommended to us, all we need is a change, not a rest. Dr. Elliot in Faneuil Hall, Boston, made a speech one night upon the subject of "love of work" before some trade and labor organization, and the next Sunday evening, Mr. Driscoll of the organization stood up before an audience of fifteen hundred people and said, "Dr. Elliot, last Sunday talked to us about the love of work." A snicker went around the whole place. "Love of work," as though there could be any love to work. When labor begins to love its tasks your labor troubles are over. Oh, what do I mean by the love of work. I know what they say. Do you think it is any fun to start out early in the morning with a cold lunch in a tin pail, and go across the city, and work, work, work, and then drag yourself home at night, is there any love in that? No. No, I am not foolish enough to say there is, but the conditions of the labor world ought to be such that every man could take a personal pride in his work, and they would if we would stop this eternal dehumanizing of American Labor. Stop numbering men. I watched this big building that Mr. Alschlager is putting up over at this corner; I have watched from the time the first workman arrived, and I have stopped many a time and have spoken to those workmen; I watched it as they put in the first stones, and the cornices and all these things, until it is that great creation that it is today, and I said to one of the workmen, I said, "Don't you stand back sometimes, and look at that building, and sense a feeling of pride about it?" "Pride"? "Hell, I am working for the money." That is the saddest thing I ever heard. For there is the solution to the whole problem. The man did not love the thing he was doing. I know there are some jobs that are not very lovely, and it would be hard work to love them. But I found a man from the sun-kissed valleys of Italy the other day, and the light of the pent-up sunshine of thousand Italian mid-days were in his eyes, and his black hair was like the black of night. He was a street sweeper, shoveling the debris of the street into a cart, and he was whistling Verdi. Is there any difference? All the difference in the world. Teach a man how to love his work and to sing while he works, and there will be no labor problem.

Stop the de-humanizing process of numbering men. I think the most tragic thing about a jail, more tragic than the bars, more tragic than the locks on the doors—the most tragic thing about a jail is that when a man enters it he leaves his name at the door. Officials could work a great reform, I think, if they would let men keep their names, and not give them numbers. For they are human beings.

Work! Why work doesn't kill us. There is only one person that I have no special attraction for, and that is a loafer, a man that just loafs around. Haven't you seen them? One place and then another, and then another, and then another, and then another, and then another, and if there is some way, somewhere, they can get their living or some one can give it to them, or they have a wife that is a good washerwoman, they are all right. Loafers! Loafers! I think there is one, only one place a loafer can go to—there is only one where he ought to go—men that refuse to play their part—You say to me, "Work with your brain, work with your head, what is that?" Somebody said to me once, "I wish I could just get up there and talk." I will trade places with any man in this audience. I would just like to have you try it for a while. You say, that is nothing. It is all right for him about loving his

work. I know what it means to work, and I say to you, that happy is the man that has found his work. Love your work, and when you love it your efficiency will be increased one hundred fold by that love.

If we could only feel a sense of pride in things. Men look at a finished product, and say, "I had a part in that, though it was only the laying of an ugly brick, but I had a part in it." "That represents a part of me, of my work. I have contributed that much to the happiness and the sunshine and the achievements of the world."

When I stop and think the people talk about breaking down in work. Breaking down in work! We are made to work. Our bodies are made to be conservators of the labors that come from the inspiration of the soul, and when we properly record these bodies in the movements of the days they never go back on us, but we cannot live our life of twenty-four hours in the day, you cannot rush somewhere all the time, rush, rush, rush, Oh, my! I know there is a type of mind that says, "I'd rather not live so long and live a little more while I'm going." Why, it is possible to stretch our life in terms of joy and happiness when we learn about this quartette of work, laughter, play and worship. I would not give much for a man that did not have a hobby, and the psychology of relaxation is found in a man's hobby. Some men have one hobby, and that is their vocation and avocation, and that is the making of money, but, after they have made it, it won't buy one smile, it won't wash away one tear. All the money in the world won't do that. I have heard men say, "I am going to be too busy to take a vacation this year." You will pay for it. It will cost you money in the long run.

I think our economic conditions ought to be such that every workman, man or woman, can have two weeks at least out of every year, doing something different than they were doing during the other fifty, and if I were an employer of labor, I believe I could figure out, as a matter of dollars and cents, whereby I could afford to close my factory, and shut it down for two weeks, and turn it inside out, into the field and the rivers, lakes and hedges of nature, and I think it would pay to shut it down. Every man and woman needs it, and every man and woman ought to take it. I am against commercialized greed and graft. Just now the emphasis is upon the "Rent Hog," as they call it. The men who are taking advantage of an abnormal condition of supply and demand, and are going to ask prices that will squeeze the souls of men. There are cases where it is justified, where it ought to be paid. Yes. Where you can pay it, Yes. But there are some particular cases where it ought not to prevail, and we all know it, and we all realize it, but these are the men that are stopping the great trinity of work, health and religion. These who are touching, like the Master said "Don't worry about those that only touch the body, but about those that can destroy both body and soul." Both body and soul, and we are in danger of losing our soul if we cannot learn these things: Play, relaxation, laughter, sunshine, birds, music—Oh, I would rather go to the poorhouse at seventy-five, and pull my chair up to the fire, and smoke my pipe and look back on a rich life that knew the best of literature, the best of art, how to listen to birds, how to swim, how to see sunsets, and stars, and falling apple leaves and blossoms, than to wind up at sixty-five in a palace, a prisoner of the soul—prisoners of the soul! Life consisteth not in the abundance of things which a man possesseth. Never.

What has religion to do with all? This hobby business and all the rest? I would like to meet men with hobbies, and if it isn't more than butterflies. I know a man whose hobby is butterflies.

He has all the different kinds of butterflies that ever were born, and that is his hobby. I know other men whose hobbies are old books, others old pictures, others old pipes, and that, this and the other, but Oh, how much it means to them—how much it means to them. Find a hobby and the more of a hobby it is the better for you. Let the world laugh at you. You can afford to have the world laugh at you. Did you ever know that? What do you care about what they say? It is what you know that matters.

I am waiting now for my hobby which is walking, I am waiting now to find a bit of green grass to walk on. I want to feel the throb of Earth. Pavements are enemies of civilization, and the modern rush stifles the soul. And what has religion to do with this health? What has religion to do with this work? What has religion to do with it all? Prayer? People sometimes laugh at the thought of prayer. People have asked me what I thought about prayer. I will tell you what prayer is to me. I received the thought from Dr. Cabot. I saw an engineer climb out of his cab at a watering stop, while the tender was being filled with water, and this engineer walked around that engine, and he felt it, poured oil on it, looked up at it, and gazed at it—that was prayer. And when he jumped back into the cab, and gave that steam to the cylinder, and under the pressure the train started, I thought of the prayer he had made.

You cannot afford to go thru life without prayer. Prayer is the equipment. Not mouthing of words or telling the Lord how to run the business of the world, not petitioning him in stereotyped phraseology, that is not prayer, but we cannot go thru this life without prayer, and prayer is the establishment of unity in the perfection of the processes of life. That is prayer. That engineer was praying. You and I pray unconsciously. Last night I heard Dr. Hawn, of New York, and he told of a speech which he heard once down South, it was at a colored camp meeting, and this was the prayer:

"Oh Lor' wear me out, Oh Lor' wear me out,
"Oh Lor' wear me out, Oh Lor' wear me out."

I don't know of a better prayer, do you? Wear us out, Lord. For the highest effectiveness of life, in terms of health, work, and religion, is to be found in service, isn't it? Wear us out, Lord, wear us out. And when I think of all the clubs of business men, the Kiwanis, the Lions, the Rotary, the Associations of Commerce, and Boards of Trade, all of them, with their mottoes and their ideals and their ambitions. And back of it all is the word "Service," for service, after all, is the highest type of religion, and prayer is the equipment of that service, health is the needs; relaxation, play, love and laughter, these are the results of that service. Wearing ourselves out, waiting for old age, for dissolution to come, when we will be fashioned anew like unto that glorious body in some other world.

I have been lost, lost in a forest — lost in a forest — trees everywhere, trees everywhere—and do you know what I did? I did what every man does who finds himself lost in a forest, if he has any sense. He climbs a tree, the highest tree he can find. And why? To look out for his bearings. Religion is the tree in the forest of life, and when we are lost in the midst of all this old world, going up the tree to the highest top, with our feet upon the branches of fate, our eyes looking out, above the stars and the clouds, we shall find our way in life. That to me is religion, finding our way. So let us be strong. Let us equip ourselves like men, let us find time to sleep; find time to eat properly; find time to take care of ourselves, our teeth, our hair, and all the body

—people sometimes say to me, "where do you get your hair?" I have baldheaded men look at me with envy and say "How do you do it?" I will tell you how. By always wearing a hat that was too big, and no hat at all three months in the year.

And so let us take care of these bodies, that when the end comes it will come naturally, beautifully —how? We will go to sleep. If death is sleep it is rest; if death is life, it is beautiful.

PULPIT MEMORIAL FLOWERS

For the past two years the flowers which have beautified the pulpit platform on Sunday morning have been given by friends and members of the church as expressions of appreciation or in memory of loved ones. This custom has become a fixed one in the church and will continue this year. From the beginning Mrs. Georgia Russell has been chairman of this committee and has given loyal service. Will those who plan to give flowers for the services this year get in touch with Mrs. Russell? Her address is 5025 Winthrop Ave., and her telephone is Sunnyside 6610.

WANTED

I am very anxious to have the names and addresses of all the young people connected with the Peoples Church who are going to matriculate in any college, school or university this fall. Will you kindly send me your name and the institution in which you will be enrolled for the winter? It will only take a moment of your time and I will greatly appreciate the information. Address me at the Peoples Church of Chicago, Lawrence and Sheridan, Chicago, Ill.

—Preston Bradley.

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REGULAR EVENTS

School of Religious Education Sundays, 9:30 a. m., Channing Hall.
Woman's Club—Every Monday.
Men's Forum—Second Monday evenings, Channing Hall.
Young People's Club—1st and 3rd Tuesday evenings in Channing Hall.
Church Trustees Meeting—Second Monday evenings.

THE SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION

The School will resume its sessions on Sunday morning, September 16 at 9:45 in Channing Hall. The superintendent, Mr. Charles W. Denicke, is desirous that every enrolled member be present. New pupils are welcomed at every session of the school. It is particularly hoped that new students will enroll at the opening of the school. The school is graded according to the standards of religious education and its curriculum embodies the interpretation of religion which our pulpit and church teaches. The necessity of right living is emphasized thruout the course and the cultivation of the highest virtues are encouraged. Parents and prospective members are invited to attend the sessions and familiarize themselves with the work being done. The faculty is composed of splendid men and women. A very successful kindergarten is maintained. The superintendent or the church office, Longbeach 6878, will be glad to furnish information at any time. Promotional Exercises and Certificates are issued at the close of every church year.

UPTOWN PLAYERS

The Uptown Players of the Peoples Church Inc., the dramatic organization of church activities is rapidly developing into one of the finest and most finished Little Theater groups in Chicago. During the two years of our functioning as a theater group we have presented Booth Tarkington's "Clarence," our first performance, following by three one-act plays, "The Passing of the Third Floor Back"; Walter Hackett's "Captain Applejack"; the Coburn stage success, "So This is London"; Ibsen's "The Doll House" followed by three one-act plays and we closed our last season with a musical and dramatic recital, the entire funds of which went as a special donation to the Organ Fund.

Next month we begin our third season with a new comedy by Noel Coward, author of "The Vortex." It is called "Hay Fever" and has to its credit long runs in New York and London. The action takes place over a week end in the Bliss' country home. The Blisses are a perfectly delightful family suggesting in many of their charming eccentricities the Sangers of the "Constant Nymph." Every member of the family has, unknown to the others, invited a guest for the week end and a more fantastic house party cannot be imagined. Judith Bliss is an actress, retired from the stage; David, her husband, is a novelist, and the two children Simon and Sorrel, are typical young moderns. Their guests are merely an incident to them, and an excuse for the domestic play acting, which is meat and drink to them all—and the results are deliciously amusing.

This season we plan to present one play a month. We recently sent out questionnaires to our many friends and members on our mailing list, asking their cooperation for suggesting plays for the coming season. We were pleased with the amount of the returns we received, and have planned our productions in accordance with the suggestions. Mr. James Griffin, the director, has some excellent new plays and surprises in store for the lover of the drama. The Play Reading committee, under the chairmanship of Mrs. Georgia Riley, has been busy all summer reading new plays. Later in the season we plan to present George Bernard Shaw's greatest comedy, "Candida."

On various occasions members of the Players have been approached in the lobby of the church by people who are interested in our work and desirous of becoming members of our organization, so we are taking this opportunity of expressing our principles and some of the re-

quirements for membership. The Uptown Players is a little Theater organization whose purpose is to present plays on an artistic and cultural basis for the purpose of developing the artistic sensitiveness of the individual and stimulating a deeper appreciation of the power of the drama. Within the organization are many departments and groups whose activities are equally important to the successful performance as the work of the actors. We have, for instance, Publicity Department, Costume Department, Scenery Department, Lighting Committee, Production Committee et cetera. The only way that a performance can be a success is by the successful functioning and co-operation we receive from each of these various departments.

Anyone who is interested in the work of our church and is desirous of becoming affiliated with the Players may send in their application to the Uptown Players of the Peoples Church, 941 Lawrence Ave., stating what experience they have had and in what branch of the theater they are particularly interested. We open with a full program and plan to close with a fine list of successful productions always remembering that we are not an amateur theatrical group but a Little Theater Workshop organization, all working for the finest things in the theater and to be an honor to the church of which we are a part.

THE WOMAN'S CLUB

As this number of The Liberal goes to press the program for the work of the Club this winter is not complete. The complete program will be published in the October number. The program being planned is one of the most constructive and comprehensive ever offered by the Club. It will have an appeal to every woman in the church and congregation. A most cordial invitation is extended to all women who are interested in the work of the church to unite with the Club. The meetings are held every Monday in Channing Hall in the church building. The club is a Federated Club and belongs to the district, state and national federations of Women's Clubs. It is a departmental club and does a philanthropic, educational and social work. More complete announcements will be made from the pulpit on the opening Sunday of church.

The opening luncheon of the Woman's Club will be held October 1, Monday, at the Edgewater Beach Hotel at 12:30. Dr. Bradley will give the opening address and the musical numbers will be given by Robert Metzler, famous pianist. Mr. Metzler has had much success as a teacher and concert pianist both here and abroad. Mrs. Preston Bradley is to give a ten minute talk on the founding of the Club, to be followed by the presentation of Chairmen and words of greeting by the president. Reservations ($1.65) for the luncheon may be made by calling Mrs. Matthew Riley, Edgewater 0944, or Mrs. Chas. L. Roberts, Rav. 3980.

CHURCH NEWS

The opening service of the Peoples Church for the season will be held in the church edifice, Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Rd., Sunday morning, September 16 at 10:45. Preston Bradley, the pastor will preach. Mr. Walter Flandorf will play the organ and the Chorus Choir under the direction of Mr. Emerson Abernethy will sing. The doors will be opened at 10 o'clock. Seats will be reserved until 10:55 when every unoccupied seat will be given to the public.

It is earnestly hoped that all who are planning to reserve seats for the services this year will make the reservations at once. The reservations extend for the period of the church services. All reservations made last year have expired and unless renewed are

given to those who reserve for this year. All seat holders should get in touch with the church office as soon as possible. As nearly as possible all seatholders will be given the seats which they had last year. The cost of a seat for the year is twenty-five dollars. Half of this is due with the application and the balance may be paid before the first of the year. The seats are held until five minutes before the processional begins. Mrs. Harrison who has charge of the church office is also in charge of the seats. The church phone is Longbeach 6878.

On August 26 Dr. Bradley gave the opening address for the Wisconsin State Fair in Milwaukee. The opening was held Sunday afternoon and is the only State Fair which opens with a religious service. His subject was "The Business of Religion." The service was conducted from a temporary stand erected in front of the Grand Stands. Loud speakers carried the program to the people who were present. It is probably the most unique religious service held in the country. After the address hundreds of members of our radio audience greeted the speaker. Several members of the church drove to Milwaukee for the meeting.

The Arrowhead Country and the Superior National Forest where Mr. Bradley has his summer home have been visited by many important personages during the summer. The fact that the Summer White House has been so close to Duluth has enabled many people who were guests there to come farther north in to the Arrowhead. In the trips which Mr. Bradley has made to Chicago during the summer it has been his privilege to travel on the Chicago & Northwestern with many notable men. Recently he was a fellow passenger with John D. Rockefeller Jr., and his family who had been visiting the Iron Ranges. On August 9 he was a speaker at a banquet given the Congressional Committee which had been going over the border lakes before making a preliminary report on the Shipstead-Newton Bill which seeks to prevent the disturbing of the present border lake levels to private corporations for power purposes. The meeting was held in International Falls. On this trip he made a trip on Rainy Lake as far north as the Cascades on the Canadian side. Congressman Smith of California was chairman of the delegation. Mr. Bradley accompanied the delegation across Lake Vermilion to the Vermilion Dam. Congressman Victor Berger of Milwaukee was also a member of the delegation. While on Lake Vermilion the delegation stopped at Arden Lodge, the summer home of our pastor, and at Grand View, one of the finest resorts in the Arrowhead Country and owned and operated by Dr. Edmund Miller, of Maywood.

On August 18 Preston Bradley celebrated his fortieth birthday at Arden Lodge, Black Duck Island, Lake Vermilion, Tower, Minnesota. Several telegrams arrived during the day from relatives, friends and members of the church. He also received many letters and cards for which he is deeply appreciative. A birthday dinner was served, the only guests besides members of the family were Dr. and Mrs. Armin P. Baur of Chicago and Mr. Thorlief Thorhaug of Maywood. Dr. Baur will be remembered as the organist of the Peoples Church for many years. He has a summer home on Pine Island in Lake Vermilion.

On Sunday, October 14 will be held the Second Anniversary of our Building Dedication. This is an annual event in the life of the church and is in the nature of a Homecoming Event. Plans are already made for a very interesting and important service. It is hoped that every one who has ever been identified with the work

of the church will plan to be present at this service. There will be an appropriate address.

Mrs. W. H. Hermsdorf, 4511 N. Francisco Ave., is convalescing from an operation recently performed. This will be good news to her many friends in the church. Mrs. Hermsdorf is President of the Woman's Club and has planned a very active season's work.

Both the pastor and Mrs. Bradley desire to thank the many friends and members of the church who have remembered us with many messages of cheer sent on their travels at home and abroad. Among others we have had greetings from Miss Mazie Armistead who is in Italy, Mr. L. Stoddard Taylor from the Isle of Man, Mrs. R. T. Logeman from Oregon, and Mrs. Whitford Kane, from California.

Miss Helen Zoehrns of the Peoples Church Chorus Choir and the Uptown Players has returned from her European trip and will be welcomed gladly by her many friends in the church.

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